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The Cloud Sculptors

Staeorra Rokraven

The air finds flight in forms of lofty wind
As one with nature's children taking part
And soaring up to go and find a friend
Then join with water spinning wispy art.

This nature's process has eternal known
The way to hang up on the sky these drapes
But wonder not how these soft clouds have grown
From fleecy strand filled webs to take their shapes?

Perhaps the artist's brush a thing unseen
With living tools the Elder Gods express
Those firey ones whose scales and talons gleam
To grace the heavens with their soft caress.

Now see the strokes of carving wings along
With falling rain - the strains of Dragon song.

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